Eros
www.ilwiw.com
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The First Word by Nyakallo Lephoto

We bring this naughty newsletter with heavy hearts as one of our regular contributors, Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl, has lost her mother. We as the ILWIW family take this moment to send our word condolences to her and family.

One more sad thing is that the website is still down and we are continuing to seek financial assistance to bring it back up; that doesn't however stop us from bringing you our regular newsletters. This is the 15th newsletter and it's named Eros, after a Greek god of love. That also happens to be the name one of our contributors goes by. This newsletter contains adult content and reader discretion is advised. We strongly urge you to forward it to as many adults as possible. We are pretty certain they will enjoy reading it as we loved making it.

This is a platform for writers and drinking well for readers. We strongly encourage open-mindedness and tolerance. Let us grow the community by liking the facebook page and following us on twitter; search I Like What I Write on facebook and follow @ILWIWDotCom on twitter. Tweet us and we will follow you. Furthermore try and recommend us more reader and writer friends. Get them to like our page, follow us on twitter or e-mail their work to nyakallo.lephoto@gmail.com.

We are still going ahead with our plans to open a library in Qwa-Qwa, solely dedicated to grooming writers. The purpose of the initiative is in line with the vision of this website and newsletter; that is to encourage the culture of reading and cultivate the art of writing. We therefore ask you to donate all books you can afford to part with. Get in contact with me on the e-mail nyakallo.lephoto@gmail.com to make arrangements of collection or drop off.

Contributions in this newsletter were selected carefully so as not to cross the border between sensuality and downright vulgarity. This is not an attempt at porn but a naughty play of words to induce sensuality. Here's hoping you have fun with these stories, preferably just before bedtime.

Share this newsletter with friends, family and colleagues; after all, everyone deserves to indulge their senses in some harmless yet naughty fun.

If, however, you find adult content offensive for moral, religious or ignorant reasons, please give this newsletter a pass. We will develop many more newsletters that will more down you alley.

If you received this newsletter from a friend, and would like your e-mail address to be put in our mailing list for future newsletters, please send a blank mail to nyakallo.lephoto@gmail.com.

Our online writing course is reaching the final stages of development and we'll announce soon how you can take part in it and improve your writing skills. We will also be publishing a handbook on Basic and Creative Writing to accompany the course. Be on the lookout for it.

For future ideas of newsletter we have issues on Homosexuality and Feminism, but we would like to hear from you which themes you'd like us to tackle. We are even open to having guest editors that will bring fresh approach to how we have been doing newsletters. Get in contact with us regarding the ideas you have on how to take this initiative forward.

Enjoy Erotica!
Writer’s Stage
Reader’s Heaven
Publisher’s Hunting Ground
Log on to:
www.ilwiw.com
Becky and the Boys by Eros

Hello my friend,
I finally got settled at my new place. It’s a cottage inside a private residence, a walking distance from work. Life is finally looking up, choma. I’m sending you this inbox from my new BlackBerry 9300. You also need to get one, Nokia is so 19what-what.

Anyway, I also bought a double bed and a big screen TV. The only thing missing are couches, but James said he’ll make a plan and pay cash for it as it will make his wife suspicious if he takes them on his credit card.

My friend I also got myself adult DVD’s and a new toy. This one has two heads for double satisfaction. An absolute necessity for a woman in her early thirties, like me. The main reason I’m inboxing you is to let you know of the orgasmic fun I had last night.

I had just locked the door and was lying on top of the bed with my back and had my legs apart, with my toy between my thighs. I was enjoying these vibrations when I heard a gate slam. That scared me as I also heard two male voices. I was gripped by fear and just tossed my toy on the side of the bed. Such anti-climax. It felt like a man had just ejaculated as I was getting heated up. My heart beat faster as I heard the voices grew louder and heading towards the direction of my kitchen door. Eventually, there was a bit of silence followed by a knock at the door.

"Who’s there?" I asked with a nervous sounding voice.
"It’s me Bob, from the House. I’m with my friend Mike. Was just wondering if my mom didn’t leave the house keys with you."
"No, I wasn’t even aware she wasn’t home." I heard the voices mummer something I couldn’t make out, before Bob spoke again. "Aunty Becks, we were wondering if you would let us in. It’s kinda cold out here." That’s what he calls me, choma. Aunty Becks, instead of just plain Rebecca. How cool is that?!

Bob is a first year student at Varsity, he must be 19 or so and is very Hot Dark Chocolate. Defined chest, firm bum and broad shoulders. Oh, so yummy.

So, I wrapped myself with my gown and put on leggings then let them in. A chilly breeze preceded them. They would have frozen to death, out there.

“So, where are you guys from this time of the night?”

"Places, aunty Becks." responds Bob followed by a giggle from both of them. They struggle to maintain eye-contact but take little peeks at me every now and then. All three of us sat on the bed and watched a romantic comedy. In between giggles, Mike’s phone kept ringing. He would answer it and go out to talk in the bathroom. Bob kept looking on the side of the bed. I had an idea of what he was seeing an kept hoping he wouldn’t make out what it really was. All the while trying to distract him with petty questions about school. He just gave one worded answers. Just as the movie concluded and Mike was still talking on a phone, Bob picked up my dildo and asked “Is this yours, aunty Becks?”

"No, it’s Winnie Mandela’s. Duh, who else can it belong to?”

"Is it really fun?"

"Not quite like the real thing"
I opened my legs a bit as I answered and looked at him straight in the eye. I could see him getting a bit uncomfortable. So I asked him if he knew how to satisfy a woman. I wished I hadn’t asked that. The boy broke it down for me. I was amazed by his knowledge of oral sex and foreplay. I wanted him to do those things he was saying to me. But there was Mike to worry about and Bob’s mother could also arrive anytime. The temptation overwhelmed me, though. Quite frankly I didn’t mind Mike. I just wanted my pussy to be chowed by this fresh young blood. I grabbed his hand and placed it on my thighs and said, “I think you’re all talk but no action” He tried to protest and called me aunty Becks.

"Shh, just for tonight, you can call me Becky. I’m ready to go to bed, wanna undress me?"

He started with my leggings. He knelt down and grabbed them with his teeth together with my toes. With his hands he grabbed my waist and helped them slide down. On its way down, he groped the inside of my thighs. My body shook like I had just been electrocuted. He then untied my gown and headed for my navel. Feeling his tongue on my belly button sent shockwaves to the lips between my hips. I was fast getting soaking wet. He didn’t look at all in a hurry, I wanted him hard and deep in me. He reached out to his pocket and took out some mint. He went down on me, my chom. The sensation the mint made against my delicate labia and erect clit is unexplainable.

One moment he would be rubbing his tongue vigorously against my clitt the next he was blowing cold air over my then mint-flavoured pussy. While I was on that cold air sensation, he would blow hot air. That would send my hormones racing, I tried in vain to keep myself from screaming. I just couldn’t contain my voice. I
Becky and the Boys by Eros

was wet, my pussy was jumpy. All it wanted was hard, long, black dick. I begged him to fuck me. Grabbed his bald head and asked him to put his dick inside me. He slowly shook it and said, "it's too early Becky"

He then started rubbing his index finger against my clit. It had now tripled in size and felt like it would explode. At the same time he was licking my hard dilated nipples. He gently ran his teeth over them. It made me crazy, I didn't know what sounds I was making, I didn't want him to stop yet at the same time I wanted his dick deep in me. My legs were wide apart, I swear I could touch one side of the wall with one and the other side with another.

"Becks, have you got condoms?"

I couldn't speak, I just pointed at the drawer. Quickly, he fetched them before I cooled down.

Quickly, he fetched them before I cooled down. I was excited he was finally gonna fuck me. He picked me up and pinned me against the wall. Stuck between a wall and his rock hard dick, he entered and filled me up.

"Ahhhh!" This boy had dick so large, I felt as if it was on my throat. My choma, you know I have seen dicks in all their varie-
ties but this one was something else. It reached places un-
tapped before. Just the spots I wish James' married dick did.

Up against the wall he banged me.

"Bob-Bob-Bob" was all I kept saying. He was deep, hard, fast and rough. That boy fucked my brains out. I held on to his rock had arms, with my legs around his waist. As he was thrusting me he kept squeezing my bum and made me feel like a Mon-
ster Ho. I didn't mind, I was having the best sex of my life. I was so wet some of my juices were rolling down my anus.

We then changed positions, I got on all fours and he came from behind. I felt all of it in me. The feeling was just oh-so-
heavenly. I felt 16 again. He was thrusting with deep strokes and started breathing heavily when Mike unceremoniously entered. I grabbed his pants and unzipped them, took the belt out and pulled out one long dick; knee length. My friend you must never take these kids for grant-
ed. They'll surprise you. I began giving Mike a blowjob as Bob continued fucking me from behind. There was so much friction, the whole room smell of sex. Once I had blown Mike to my satisfaction, I laid on the bed with my back and he entered from a missionary position. He went on about his business at a quick rate. He must have been warmed up by the sounds I was making when Bob was banging me hard. He was just a horny kid, not quite as skilled as Bob was. I loved the size of his dick though.

Bob must have gotten a bit jealous as his friend Mike was busy inside me, because he started rubbing his dick against my thighs. Mike and I then rolled, so we laid on our side. Bob joined us in bed and began rubbing his dick against my bum.

I directed his dick into my ass. I was then sandwiched be-
tween two large, hard dicks. They both had their arms around me. Mike around my waist grabbing my bums, while Bob was squeezing boobs. They both thrust hard. I was screaming like a little bitch. Mike came first, he must have emptied the whole bottle of inkomasi into that con-
dom. With each cum shot, he made coughing sounds. Bob behind me made subtle sounds, but I could hear him go, "Beckyyyyy!", as he held me tighter and tighter. We slept in that sandwich position until the morning, when we opened the windows to release the smell of that sexfest.
Letter to Becky by Eros

Oh my friend have you no shame, devouring cubs like that?! You do know this is jealousy speaking here, choma. I so wish I were there with you. That Bob boy sounds like a dish, nka mo ota ka kuku a tagwe, choma. Wa nkitse nna.

So, Arthur invited me to his get-together braai last week. I decided to ask Pabi to tag along with me, as I wasn't sure what type of crowd would be in attendance. You know how women can be at times, choma, like you are doing flashing your BlackBerry 39-what what at me like Paris Hilton flashing her punani for cameras.

Tshepo came to fetch us with his father’s Grand Voyager. Pabi and I sat in the seat behind the driver’s, despite Tshepo asking Pabi to sit on the front passenger seat. We opened bottles of Vawter on our way to Arthur’s place. Tshepo was playing some old school RnB on our way there. There’s just something about Janet Jackson’s songs that makes me wanna open my thighs for a hard long dick, my friend. Worse when alcohol is beginning to take it’s toll.

When we got to Arthur’s place we found him braaing, but there wasn’t as many people as we had anticipated. Apparently, many of his friends had attended a wedding in town. There were 3 other guys there, two with their girlfriend and another helping Arthur to braai the meat. That was great because it meant more booze for all of us and guaranteed dick for me in Arthur. I really didn’t care for much.

I sat on a camp chair, just outside the sliding the door facing the braai stand. Choma, I had front row seats of Arthur’s tight ass.

I was wearing my polka-dot summer dress with a straw hat. My dress exposed my DD bosom and down south I went commando. As the deep house tracks were taking me away to a land I have never been to, Vawter took my hormones where I wanted it to go. Arthur kept taking sips of his Heineken while he bumped his head to the beat of his recorded megamix. I wish he would look my way but he was busy engaged in conversation about whether Black Coffee was a better DJ than Kent. Boys! His friend, whose name I never got, kept checking me out but I pretended not to notice him. Each time he looked my way, I took a sip of my drink and looked the other way. I know my thighs were killing him, as I was sitted with one leg over the other. What we call a ‘four’, mgi!

When Arthur finally paid me attention, asking me to get a plate for the meat, I pulled a Basic Instinct on him. I slowly pulled my legs apart, flashing my pussy at him, stood up and walked to the kitchen. I could see him drooling all over that clean-shaven, beetle-shaped tswana kuku of mine.

After meals, it was already dark and most of us were tipsy. The two couples drove away and only Tshepo, Pabi, Arthur, myself and that dude whose name I never got. Each one cuddled their motho on the couches, the dude was all alone and kept drinking while ogling at us. At the time, Arthur’s tongue was licking the back of my ears.

Tshepo and Pabi were also at it. It was clear they liked each other, from the afternoon, as they followed each other everywhere. I couldn’t see them, but I heard the sounds they were making. “oooh, ahhh, ohh-shhhit.” Arthur had his hand up my skirt and was fondling my already wet pussy. The volume of my moaning kept ascending with each rub against my clit. His hands were firm, yet his touches were delicate. As he was busy with my pussy, I was slowly unbuckling his belt and undoing his fly. I reached inside those tight polyamide/spandex boxer shorts and out came that black anaconda. I quickly got into positon to kiss its head and insert it into my mouth. I blew him, paying attention mostly to the tip of his head and I heard him scream “ooohhhh - shhhhhhh!” I went down to his balls and I felt them roar like the king of the jungle. I kept licking his shaft from top to bottom. Each time taking a peek at that single dude whose name I never got. He pretended to be sleeping but I could see he had a hard on, as it was protruding through his tight pants. He had built a tent, my friend. As I was sucking his dick, I kept looking at Arthur’s facial expressions. They changed from time to time. One moment he would be biting his lower lip, the next he would
be breathing heavily and the other holding the couch tight and shaking his head like he was been tortured with electricity. I could feel his toes curling and muscles cramping. I knew he was close to nirvana. In a blink of an eye, he popped.

Cum shots came out as though it were water lanched from a spraygun. All over my face, breast and dress. He spraypainted me cream white. He laid there, on a couch, exhausted like he had just ran a marathon. As I gathered my handbag and walking towards the bathroom, I heard Pabi say "Aaaaahhhhh!!" I knew that was the sound of Tshepo burying his bone inside her cookie.

I quickly freshened up and prepared myself for serious bonking. As I came out the bathroom door, I came across the dude without a name. He had his hands in his pocket. Choma, I swear he was fiddling his dick and about to jerk off in the bathroom. When I got back in the sitting room, I was greeted by Pabi's screaming.

"Tshepoooo! Tshepoooo, Harder! Tshepoooo, Harder! Faster!"
That soundtrack was just too much, I instantly wanted hard dick. I wished I could join them. Tshepo was sitted, she was squatting over and riding him like a cowgirl on a wild horse. Arthur had passed out, I tried in vain to wake him up. I was so disappointed thought of bonking the other dude. At this stage he had gone to the other bedroom.

I went to Arthur's main bedroom, got into his King-sized bed and attempted to finish the job myself. I just couldn't concentrate, due to the sounds Pabi was making. It made me lust after Tshepo.

After they were done, they came into the bedroom with Arthur in their arms and threw him onto the bed. I was disgusted. Didn't even want to look in his direction. Pabi and Tshepo took out a blow up bed and prepared to sleep. Once they had settled, she made that sound again.

"Aaaaah!"
Binnekant!

I just couldn't deal. Arthur was lying there stone-cold. He wasn't moving, just breathing softly. My pussy was soaking wet and it wanted dick asap. I gave the mutherfucker a mother of all BJ's and he repays me by passing, depriving me of that joystick. Tshepo kept banging Pabi's head against the side of the bed. I wished I could just get Pabi out there and open up wide for Tshepo to screw me 'til I screamed his name.

I went to the bathroom to relieve myself, guess who I bumped into? The dude whose name I never got. I grabbed him and we kissed. His dick was already hard and I too was wet. He picked me up and pinned me against the wall, with my legs over his shoulders. His rock hard chest rubbing against my calves as he thrust harder and deeper. At this point I wish I had asked for his name because I wanted to let him know how much I appreciate him fucking me after Arthur had let me down. He stood up hard for me and I opened up wide. He thrust deep and I screamed hard. I felt him, feeling me feeling him deep inside me. I wished for him not to stop. The screams in the bedroom had stopped. They were then listening to me. I screamed hard, I wished Arthur would come out of sleep and see me getting fucked by his buddy.

The man knew his story, as he pulled my hair, pinned me down the on the floor and dominated me. He thrust so hard and deep, I feared he would dislocate my womb. I felt like an absolute whore being fucked by someone whose name I didn't even know. The pleasure made it all worth it. He turned me around and had me on my knees. From behind, he reached even deeper. I held on to the foot of the toilet seat. My mind was miles off earth. The excitement, elation and ecstasy of it all is beyond description. Orgasm, the highest point of excitement. My toes curled, I bit my tongue. Faster, harder, deeper. I heard rolling stones, thunder strikes. I went, I came!
Pleasure Loving Devilette by Eros | Black Forest Cake & Inqantiza by Felicia

If I let you have your way with me, would you ditch your corporate persona and let the naughty girl in you take over? Would you dominate me and let me experience the Pleasure-Loving Devilette in you?

If I stood up hard for you, would you open up wide for me? Would you let the Rodeo-Loving Cowgirl in you ride me like a wild Stallion and not stop until I speak in tongues?

If I whipped it out, would you deep-throat my vanilla flavoured lollipop ’til it pops? Will you desert your shy tendencies and let the fun-giving Monster Ho in you take over? Will you let the Pleasure-Loving Devilette in you take me to the highest point of excitement? Will you make cum?

If my animal instincts took over, will you turn your back, go on all fours and let the dog in me enter you hard, deep and fast?

I will Carry on ’til your Toes Curl.
I will Ride ’til your Moans get Louder.
I will Bang you ’til you Grip the Sheets and Wrinkle them.
I will Bump you ’til you Scream my Name.
I will Bonk you ’til you feel Shivers down your Spine.
I will Screw you ’til you shake like you have been electrocuted.
I will f**ck you ’til you cum over and over.

Right there where I reside, guarded by my November and December.
If you get in between I’ll bring you Summer heat.
With good whipping, I get creamy.
If you like being on top of things, especially beautiful ones, let me be your cherry on top.
Be my pony, I’ll ride you like a cowgirl.
If Cake I be, Blackforest is my flavour.
Queen of Pleasure.
My smooth, curly hair gets styled in Brazil.
Press the pleasure button at my top tip and get me excited.
I got a spot inside that expands with ecstasy.

No delicacy tastes better.
If Cake I be, Blackforest is my flavour.
Every man’s dream.
I got fishy tendencies, yet even water creatures bow to me.
I got power to influence, ability to motivate.
Even the strong kneel before me.
I get them begging for a taste of me.
If Cake I be, Blackforest is my flavour.

Thin and slightly narrow at the base and broad and rounded towards the tip
Measures 15 cm when fully erect
The circumference around the head is 6cm
It is pointed, sharpish yet curvy
I wanna model it
Immortalize it
Carry it to work in my Nine West

It fills me up
Flirts with my clit and fiddles with the mouth of my womb
It is synchronized to move rhythmically with the beat of my heart
I wanna model it
Immortalize it
Take it shopping in my Guess

Slightly crooked not quite like a banana
Yet not as straight as a ruler
Snipped, not so fair in complexion
Fits perfectly between my teeth
I wanna model it
Immortalize it
Take it to bed every night
Privacy is a rumour when you’re a student. I shared a room with a guy from Rustenburg and he used to know where all the parties were. Knew the right chicks too. Papiki wore the latest branded clothes and had the coolest phone, at the time. I still remember he was the first to have the Nokia 3310 in our commune. He seemed to get everything right, except his academics. Of course, only those that were close to him saw beyond Papiki's outer charm. To the rest, he was just a cool guy with a quirky sense of humour. A magnetic character that attracted the hottest honnies like a magnet clinging on to steal. This chick magnet had a silver tongue and had women eating out of his palm. He lived out my wet dreams. Each weekend, I had to make space for him because he would be bring home a new woman in his bed.

Papiki's success with women bruised my ego because I went the first two years of varsity life without shagging. I swear my right bicep was getting stronger than my left. My blankets were also getting a white highlight. In my mind, I screwed all the chicks Papiki slept with.

He used to say, "Thibos, students are easy to sleep with". I found it hard to believe, for however hard I tried to get their attention all they saw in me was a friend. None was interested in sharing a bed with me. None would open their thighs for me to enter. At times, I thought it had something to do with my RT jeans. I thought, perhaps if I wore Levi's jeans I would wave my stick like Moses and their thighs would part like the Red Sea.

Papiki was that maverick. The type of a guy that got chicks giggling by just caughing. They just wanted to give it up to him; some even begging for it. Down on their knees they would willingly go, giving head and taking it from behind. His wish was their command. However he wanted it, he got it. No matter how hard I tried to emulate his tricks, I could never have the same success with women as he did. I only succeeded in turning myself into a fool. I hated him as much as I liked him. He was a hard boy to be friends with. Chicks that ignored me came to enter. At times, I thought it had something to do with my RT jeans. I thought, perhaps if I wore Levi's jeans I would wave my stick like Moses and their thighs would part like the Red Sea.

I once stalked a woman, a woman Papiki never brought to our room. One with booty like butterfly wings and tities pointing up like antennas. She was the ideal poster girl. I froze each time I came across her. I was always afraid of approaching her in public and always hoped for an intimate moment wherein conversation would be easy to start and there won't be shame should she reject me. I hoped for that Hollywood stuck-in-the-lift-moment. As fate would have it, it was a lift moment that sealed my fate. She was late for class and I had a runny tummy. Just as I had fartoed, thinking I would be alone in the lift, she stormed inside as the door was closing. A 25 second trip across four floors smelt like rotten eggs eternity. Up in gas went my chances.

After that, meeting her was always an awkward event. It came to a point when I really didn't care. She was sexy and, in my mind, I screwed her every night.

Papiki once brought a woman home when he thought I was out. He kicked the door open and threw her on the bed. He got on top of her and began to kiss her all over her face. The lips, the neck, all over her. All the while he was undressing her, revealing her well-crafted body. That pin-up figure that's tattooed as a centre-fold Hustler poster on my mind. As he let the bra fall down, her titties got exposed and he began sucking one with his mouth while fondling the other with his hand. Her moans got louder as though he had locked down an accelerator of a VR6. He went down on her and began licking her belly button and kept tickling her belly ring. She held him and ran her fingers through his bald head and ears. He slid down between her thighs and began working on her punani. Lifted her one leg up and I could see his jaw moving as though he were chewing gum. With each jaw movement, she made a different sound. At this point she had gripped the sheets so tight with her hands, she wrinkled them. He was then working her with his tongue; it fondled her clit like a snake tongue feeling the air.

"Put it in Pap's. I want dick! I want it hard!" she said. He ignored her and altered his tongue movements with his left thumb. He rubbed her pussy like he was shining his favourite pair of ital shoes. She seemed to enjoy it greatly as she kept calling him all petnames imaginable. Each time I heard her voice my dick got harder. It got so hard I was at the verge of popping and spraypainting the wall a shade of cream white.

I looked away to let things subside and gather my breath, as I swear I was beginning to make sounds louder than those she was making. I was majorly horny and I wanted wet pussy as much as she wanted hard dick. While I was taking a deep breath for my dick to soften up, I heard her go: "aaaaah" I knew Papiki had thrown it inside. He began breathing heavily and his bed rocked and the head-board hit against the wall with each stroke. With that familiar rhythmic movement, his tired mattresses also creaked as he thrust her. He went deeper and faster and I watched her grip him with her legs around his waist, exposing her pear-shaped bums. The sight of her waist moving and hitting against his crotch hardened my dick to all time levels. I pumped it with my hand and I felt the greatest sensation ever, I felt myself deep inside her. She screamed harder and I pumped faster. Papiki was fucking her physically, I was bonking her on my mind.

I heard her go "ah, ah, ah" as Papiki was stroking her. His chorus was "oohh, ooh, aaah, ooooh." Before long, I saw his body shaking, he gripped her tightly and said, "Paleeeeesa!" I knew he had arrived.

At the same time, I popped and sprayed and gave the wall and extra coat of cream white. The biggest cum shot I ever hit!
I have always loved women, the feel of their skin and their softness gets me weak knees. I recently met a lady that I knew was straight. I was so sexually attracted to her that I could not pretend I am. We started being close and we got to talk about stuff. She kept on reminding she is straight. On Saturday night as we were talking she asked me this “Babe can I ask you something that will sound stupid, I but need genuine answers?” I went yes!. She then asked me to explain that if she was to spend a night with me what I will do to her. Below is an account of me explaining to her how she will be “done”.

Me: I would kiss you on the lips roughly look at you square in the eyes and tell you I love you then kiss you again only this time gently, then move to your neck, Oh I love the smell there. I'll nibble a bit, and then place a few feather kisses. Come back up, cup your face and kiss your fore head because at this time you want it I know you do. I'll then hug you because right now you want to be held.

Then I'll release my hands and go to the breasts. Aah those I love, I'll kiss the right one and suckle it softly. While doing that... I'll have my fingers on the left one. Pinching and pulling. I start off softly... And increase the intensity as I suck on the right one.

before.
Her: Yhooo
I do that for as long as I want. Change procedure as I see fit (By this you should have reached or close to your first time)
Her: hahahahaha
Me: Serious
Her: All power, Okay!
Me: You’re probably clutching sheets by then ...Or pulling my hair
Her: And you don't mind?
Me: (I love it when my hair is pulled) I move down to your belly
Her: Noted, Aaaaaaiiiich
Me: That belly button... Iyooh!
Her: Mine is deep
Me: The deeper the better. My tongue will go in there. Lick it, Kiss it, Suck it
Her: Yhooo!
Me: Yees! Whew! You're breathing hard, Very hard
Her: But faint
Me: After all that assault to your belly button. I move up and kiss you on the mouth. Those lips
Her: Aaaaaa
Me: By then I wouldn't care that they're expensive. We will have that rough kiss that leaves you swollen.
Her: And I give you that look that says have mercy
Me: But I won't. I'll kiss you again. Look at you and kiss again. Nibble... Bite And then I go down
Her: I'll shut my eyes
Doing Her by Malefsane

Me: Start kissing your pubic area and thighs (Did you just moan?)

Her: And my knees turn to jelly

Me: Move down your legs. Softly kissing you. Go to that sensitive area behind your knees, Kiss it. Go to the other leg and do the same

Her: Iyoo, no kids in the house right?

Me: And if you want me to go further down I will. (Definitely no kids, I can't do you proper with kids around)

Do you want me to go down?

Her: Yhooo let's try, but be warned my clit is super sensitive

Me: I meant below your knees. Do you want me to go there?

Her: I am all yours

Me: Ok, after kissing behind your knees. I go back to your face. I need to know gore o sharp and also kiss you, because I know you want that.

Her: So you ask?

Me: No! I just do it

Her: Relief

Me: We're both women. It's what I would want so you must want it too.

Her: I guess

ME: Back at your face

Her: Mm

Me: You might even not notice gore I'm there, because I know your eyes are closed, And your head is probably turned side ways

Her: But I can feel you breathe, covered in a pillow even

Me: Maybe/maybe not. I pull that face to face me

Her: Hahahahahaha, hahahahaahahahaha. You change during sex babe, it turns me on.

Me: And I kiss you and you kiss me back so hard (Don't disturb me hehehe!). We kissing and I grab those breasts again. Then when the kiss subsides I move down kissing you from your neck down your belly, then the pubic area kiss that hair covered area... Then I spread your legs... Then I put my mouth on those lips... Kiss them

Her: Jesu!!!

Me: Then part them. Kiss your vaginal opening and then back to your clit. Kiss it

Her: Yhoo

ME: And then I take it into my mouth suck it a bit. Then with a bit more pressure

Her: Aaaa!

Me: Then I suck it some more over and over and over. Then leave it and go back to your V opening. Put my tongue inside there and suck interchangeably. My fingers find your clit, rub it over and over while I suck your V and penetrate it with my tongue

Her: I let out a moan

ME: (By now you're probably begging me to stop and not stop at the same time)

Her: Exactly

Me: A series of moans babe

Her: Demmet!

Me: Maybe screaming if you are one and like it or not your other hand is on my head. Pushing it down on you yet you're asking me to stop.

Her: Pulling

Me: No pushing down so I can penetrate you deeper with my tongue and I'll oblige, I have no choice.

Her: Ooooh dear

ME: While doing this, I'm riding your leg for the friction I come up for air and go straight to your mouth because babe you want me to kiss you. I go back there.

Her: I do

Me: And this time it's my mouth on your clit and my finger inside you or fingers. Till you come big!

Her: U mean pass out

After this I knew she is game.
I Did Dinny by Eros

I hate it when visitors I don’t know spend more than an hour in the house. I feel absolutely violated and my space invaded. So when my grandfather passed on, I knew it was going to be a challenge dealing with all the people coming in and going out. Though the funeral wasn’t at my place, relatives and family friends arrived at my place because grandad’s house isn’t big enough. Cousins and uncles I have never met before, claiming to know me and all telling me they last saw me as a toddler. Like I really care.

I locked myself in my bedroom and kept myself busy with my BB. My mom kept interrupting me to introduce me to more mourners and to ask me to make them tea and biscuits for them. Right there in my reluctance, dragging my feet, I set eyes on three people from whom something stood out. This woman had a clear skin and her daughter the most charming smile. They were with a guy, that had broad shoulders and a silky smooth voice. He killed me with her flat stomach and long smooth legs. Jealousy just got the best of me. I think I must have thrown a cup in her direction, without even looking her way. Her flat breasts, a size 34 figure and a pear shaped ass. She was eyeing.

In all honesty, I didn’t warm up to the girl. Her beauty made my stomach churn, but her brother’s voice melted my heart. I wanted to jump him and have my legs around his waist.

I’m usually at my horniest the 3 days before I get my periods. At this stage, I had reached the peak of purple flames. I wanted to extinguish them right there and then. It was as if God had heard my prayers when I heard they would be sleeping over. I vowed to pretend to be sleepwalking and get into bed with him. The sleeping arrangements were such that the girl, who was introduced as Dinny, would share a bed with me and Jabu would be in the guest bedroom, while my mom would be sleeping with their mom.

Realising this, I decided to be more polite to Dinny and showed her around the house. She had a perfume that neither smelt feminine nor masculine. It was just attractive and made me want to walk closer to her, but at the same time had to convince myself that I hated her. The more I tried to enforce my hatred for her the more I was drawn to her. Her mannerisms were just magnetic. How she flicked those dreads back and stuck them behind her ears. How she moved her lips gave me that feeling I cannot explain when she said Nthabi. My name has never sounded that sexy before, worse it was from a girl I hated at first sight and whose brother I was eyeing.

Once we were in bed, I locked the door, played Anthony Hamilton and whipped out the previous night’s leftover whiskey. We drank from the bottle, as I was already comfortable with her.

As liquor began to take its toll, conversation soon became about how badly men treated us in the past, but we still live in hope that we will one day meet the right one.

Right then my mind was wondering of the things I would do to her brother who was sleeping next door, but I knew I was in no state to do anything. I thought I could always blame it on alcohol, the morning after, but decided against it. Soon after the bottle was finished, I got into my nightie and prepared to get into bed. As I was tucking in, I couldn’t keep my eyes off Dinny’s body. Firm C-cup breasts, a size 34 figure and a pear-shaped ass. She looked like a handcrafted work of art. Her silhouette stuck against the wall like a flat stomach and long smooth legs. I felt my pussy getting wetter and wetter. Even more so when it hit against hers. With my right hand I kept fondling her left breast until her tit got rock hard. Her breathing went heavier as her tongue rolled deeper against mine. She began making sounds and I knew we were feeling each other, as I had also begun moaning. Once my mouth was detached from hers, I started nibbling at her one tit while rubbing another with my hand. She was running her fingers through my hair and I could feel her muscles stiffening, as she gripped my head tighter.

I helped her take her panties off and slipped my finger between her legs. In a Yellow Pages movement, I alternately ran my index and middle fingers against her clit. Bit by bit my fingers were getting immersed into a sea of natural juices. I stuck my middle finger inside her and bent it to caress the front wall of her punani. I felt that area becoming larger, as she was getting wetter. The grooves dilated and I felt the entire surface area of her G-Spot literally triple in size. Through her dilations she held me tighter and firmer. Softly, I heard her say “Nthabi, Don’t Stop. Nthabi, Yes!” I knew she was close. She tightened her thighs and screamed. Her body stiffened and she shook like she had been electrocuted. She pressed her pussy against my fingers and thrust hard and fast, as I rubbed her punani. “Aaaaah!” she arrived. We cuddled and slept with our arms around each other and didn’t wanna let go in the morning. To wake her up, I licked ice cubes off her body and woke up to get to the church service.
Blackmale by Mel

I could not hold the tears in any longer. It was my second visit to Bab’ Sangweni and already I was made to strip naked while he chanted and prayed the spirits away. He made me bath in cold bloody water. The blood came from a goat we had slaughtered earlier in the day. I should never have agreed to even participate in this ritual. You see, I was almost forced to participate. No, I was blackmailed and there was no way out of it.

It started three weeks ago when my mother walked in to my bedroom unannounced. My bedroom is a room at the back of the house; no one ever walks there except if they are going to the washing line. It was 17:00 and there was no washing in the line and there was no need for anyone to be walking to that side of the yard. I had never seen anyone scream as loud as she did that day; you would swear she had seen a ghost. Well, maybe she did see a ghost. I was naked and she had not seen me naked since I was ten years old. And if I must say, I look like a Greek god, chiseled and dark. Call me shallow; but I don’t work out to be healthy, I work out to look sexy.

My mom’s deafening scream was the only reason I had agreed to go and see Bab’ Sangweni. Immediately after she left my room she started praying so loud, I swear God heard her loud and clear. By 18:00 4 cars were parked off-street and I was summoned into the house. There must have been ten elders there; my mom, dad, aunts, uncles, Pastor James and Sis Mary, the social worker. It was only then that I realized that this was going to be a serious intervention. I stood at the door ashamed, embarrassed and uncomfortable. Pastor James had a chair right next to him and he signaled that I come and sit next to him.

We started the meeting with a prayer. We all held hands as Pastor James prayed. He prayed that God be the “driver of this bus we are on”. He prayed that the evil spirits and demons that had possessed me be cast away. As he prayed, I could hear the entire room scream “yes Lord!” in agreement to his prayer. I wanted this prayer to last forever so that we do not get to talk about the issue at hand. I was in no mood to engage anyone on this. My mom had invaded my privacy and had no right to be offended. Unfortunately my prayer was not answered and my thoughts were broken by the loud unison “amen” in the room.

My name is Tshepo and my sin is love. My sin is being in love with a man, Sthembiso. Sthembiso and I have been together for two years now. We met on the Internet when we realized that we lived under 2km away from each other. Stho has been coming to my house since we started dating. I told my mom that he was my friend. It was easy to do that, he was just three years older than me and he looked straight. I, on the other hand, went a step further and got a girlfriend to cover this relationship I had with Stho. I had no choice but to do that, I knew that if my family found out I would be disowned. No one else, other than Stho, knew that I kicked it with dudes and I as going to make sure that no one else found out.

My mom had walked in on my lover and I making love. I was lying on my back, with legs pointing to the heavens and screaming all sorts of heavenly praises as Stho went deeper and deeper inside me. If there is one thing my baby knew how to do well was to lay the pipe down. Clearly the heavenly praises I had been screaming were at a wrong place and at a wrong time. I was reminded of this when my mom stormed in to the room and screamed “manyala mani ke lawa” out loud. My erection went from cement-hard to jelly-soft faster than Usain Bolt’s 100-meter sprint. We wished that the earth could open up and swallow the both of us.

In that extra-ordinary emergency meeting, Pastor James read the famous homophobic verse numerous times and asked me if I understood. I wouldn’t dare say no amidst all those people. What was shocking is what Sis Mary, the social worker, said about violent acts of homophobia in Mamelodi. She said there was no place for a gay man there because I would become the next victim if I didn’t change. I could not believe that a person of her caliber would utter such. I thought her mandate was to be objective while helping the community. With that kind of thinking, I feel sorry for anyone that is subjected to her sessions.

My uncle was the last person to speak. I knew that this panel was carefully selected and briefed to remind me that being gay is wrong. It was no surprise to me to hear him talk of African customs and how, as the only male in the house, I had a responsibility to procreate and get my mother grandchildren. He suggested that I saw Bab’ Sangweni, a spiritual healer. He claimed that the healer had healed many men suffering from my condition. It was also agreed that I would need to stop seeing Stho and they would arrange that I marry my girlfriend of eighteen months as quick as possible.

I could have rebelled and told them that I was gay and was not about to change. However, a big part of me believed that I was possessed with demons. A part of me believed that this was a phase. What I had with Stho was too good to be true, maybe that is why it was met with such negativity. It felt like blackmail, almost like they were saying you would be the reason why your family’s name is not carried forth. But such is the life of a black male.
"Distance is a bitch; winter in full swing, yet my bed is as cold as a morgue"

"Distance is a bitch; we are right in the middle of winter, but my bed feels as big as FNB Stadium"

"Distance is a bitch; I am lying here covered in a mink and electric blanket, yet I have a man half a world away"

"Distance is a bitch; I sleep with a heater on, but I have a woman with a body warm enough to set this bedroom on fire"

"Distance is a bitch; I've run out of ways to use my vibrator. It tickles me well and brings me to orgasm most times, but it cannot replace body heat"

"Distance is a bitch; I've run out of ways to hold my tool. I swear my right arm is growing more and stronger muscle every night"

"Distance is a bitch; I long to hear your voice every night, our hour-long conversations still leave me wanting him to wrap his strong arms around me"

"Distance is a bitch; I would kill to hear her say my name while looking me straight in the eye. I miss her broad smile and those silky soft lips that were designed strictly for kissing"

"Distance is a bitch; all I want to do is lay my head on his chest and listen to the beat of his heart"

"Distance is a bitch; all I want to do is lie down with her and do whatever is next"

"Distance is a bitch; I need my man!"

"Distance is a bitch; I want my woman!"

"Distance is a bitch; I phone him right this instant"

"Distance is a bitch; I pick up the phone and say 'hello' to my woman"

"Babes, I miss you!"

"I miss you too, my love!"

"What do you miss most about me?"

"Everything, my love, your smell, your touch, the look in your eyes when you gaze into mine..."

"...I miss how delicate your body feels in my hands. I miss your silky smooth cheeks."

"Babes, if I were there with you what would you do to me?"

"What ever you want me to do to you, my love."

"Would you hold me and not let go?"

"I would do that and more. I would hold you so close to me and listen to our hearts beat in unison. I would run my fingers around your ears, over your cheeks and down to your lips"*

"Stop it, I like it! *giggles*"

"If you were here with me, I would lock my lips with your and kiss you until you lose control. If you were here, I would lick your ears and bite your neck."

"Oh babes, distance is such a bitch!"

"It is, indeed. If you were here, my love, I would listen to your body and do as it tells me. I would dance to the beat of your heart and let my soul sing together with yours."

"You have no idea what your words are doing to me..."

"...but I know I would provide warmth for your body, stimulation for your mind and companionship for your soul, if you were here. We would be one and there would be no space between us"

"I want you, babes!"

"I need you, my love!"

"I want you now, babes!"

"I need you forever, my love!"

"I just melted!"

"Don't worry, my love, I will mould you into a new creature pure and spotless. I will make you what I always saw in you. A woman so beautiful I would be a fool not to have pursued. Now, that you've melted, I will mould you into that portrait of the beauty that glows from the depths of your soul to the shine of your skin. The beauty that radiates from the bottom of your sole to the top of your crown. Now that you have melted I wish more and more that you were here."

"Don't stop, babes, mould me with your words! What would you do to me if I were there?"

"My words are a toothless dog compared to the viciousness of my actions. If you were here I would tear you apart. I would cut you half and pierce you right through the middle"

"But that would be killing me."

"Fear not what kills the body but that which destroys the soul. In me entering you, I will be tying my soul to yours. When making love the two becomes one. You are me, we are you!"

"Sing on, Maxwell. Ride on, babes."

"With pressure!"

"I like it slow and gentle at first, then fast and hard, then slow and gentle again. Take cues from my body and the tempo of my breathing."

"We are connected, my love, I know just at what point to go faster and deeper and what point to withdraw and pause to drive you wild and make you want me more. I know just when to bang you against the headboard like Sharon Stone and Michael Douglas in Basic, Instinct and when to go Kate Winslet and Leonardo Di Caprio in Titanic. I can fuse passion and sensuality to set the scene on fire."

"That you can do and you just did."

"Surrender your body and open your spirit. Let's make love and connect physically, mentally and spiritually. Don't hold back the sounds you make when I'm deep in you; they are a language of your soul. Bless me with the singing of your spirit."

"Hang on pretty please, babes, I hear a knock on the door."

"Hurry up and open, my love, let me cum in!"
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Day of Month: 1st 15th 25th (Place X)

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Date: __________________________ Signature of Account Holder: __________________________

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Skeletons in my closet causing a racket, threatening to break loose. Demons in my head running riot, mugging me of my precious sleep. Nightmares stalk me, I beg for rest but it won't come. Finally, I'm sleeping in a proper bed after two months in that Dromedaris that gave my body eternal stiffness.

You know she's pissed off when she gets into bed in track suits and insists on sharing a bed with Mary-Anne, even when you've been away for two months. Makes me wish I had done something during my time away. I'm not complaining because I've been deprived of sex. It's because I'd convinced myself I was getting laid tonight. I fight to live another day. If it itches, it has to be scratched. It was all good when we were all ignorant of the itch; quite a different story now that we know. Right now, I need that mighty good scratching, and, having lied down right next to the source but not getting it is cruelty to the warm-blooded.

I have been away for three months, I get back and Mimi would not sleep with me. She is able to lie next to me in bed and not feel the urge to jump me? After three full months of no sex? This woman is sneaking behind my back. To think I preserved myself for the entire period for her. She couldn't have the decency to resist the temptation of fooling around just because she had the house to herself. In fact, I am taking both kids for paternity tests. I cannot be raising bastards conceived within 45 seconds of bad sex. The fathers must come and take away their beasts and leave my women alone.

The reality of my troubles sets in when I am left in this house with Thabo, because Mimi went to work and she took Mary-An to daycare. I guess, she's been paying for her tuition even in her absence. Thabo and I are left to laze around in front of the TV. We can't even agree on the channel to watch; he's bullying me into watching cartoons while I'd rather be catching up on news, business and politics. It's not child's play, this parenting business. Makes me wonder how my parents managed to make it look so effortless, I pointed fingers at them for their shortcomings when I was a child, but I admire them each day as I grow older and have to replicate their achievements.

As Mimi continued paying for Mary-Ann's tuition, I kept missing my rent payments. Such contrasts. Now, I can't even get into my own house. The damn place is locked. It's unconstitutional, I know, but I just don't have the energy to fight all this. At work, they think I have gone missing. A story told by my fiancée Mimi. Quite frankly, I don't know if I still have a job. A highly experienced black Chartered Accountant in South Africa, what are the chances that of me going without a job for much longer? Something will come up soon. I am not starving yet, my fiancée provides a roof over my head. I am good, my two kids as well.

I'd really love to hang with the guys today over a beer or two, catching up on the weekend's Super Rugby matches. That would just move me like I am back in the city. I am beginning to feel like a prisoner in this house, I can't even make contact with any of them lest one is a Judas. There's always a sell out in a group. My mom, however, is not one.

* *dials his mother*
"Mrs. Tau Hello!"
"Mme, lekae?"
"Mosala Tau, how have you been? I hear from Piet you had been staying with him."
"I have been good Mme. I went to Malome Piet's house for a holiday, now I am back. There are just a few complications in my life right now, nothing I can handle. I just called to say I am still alive."

*hangs up*

Complexities of a mother-son relationship are stuff of wonder. I really wanted to chat to this woman for longer, but I just could not let myself be that vulnerable. I know she'd be all caring and wanting to fight my battles. I can't continue running onto her bosom crying every time life happens to me. I've hid behind her skirt all my life; I need to face some of my battles head on. With tears running down my cheeks, often I had to go to her house and off-load. She's always overprotective, even when I'd come home with a minor bruise I couldn't even recall sustaining from the school playground, she would head straight to the principal's office the next day and demand answers; mostly the injuries would be a result of a minor issue, just boys being boys.

The more things change, the more they stay the same; here again, Thabo and I are just being boys about this TV viewing business. Soon, he'd have to learn to share resources, take into account other people's feelings and be conscious of the fact that life doesn't revolve around him. I cannot be raising a child that's reckless in conduct; one that's only interested in how situations benefit him but totally disregard how his actions affect those around him. He'll grow up and he'll learn; we all had to. Look at us now.

This place has always been cozy. Of course, it could do with a bigger screen TV and a gaming console, but it's still homely. The fact that Mimi cannot stand my friends stood in the way of us shacking up. Culture was just a convenient excuse I used so as to prolong my days of liberty to entertain the guys and during rugby matches at my house. Otherwise, I really have nothing against co-habitation. In fact, since we are raising a daughter, it makes perfect sense for us to live under one roof. The formalities are out of the way, all that's missing is the symbolic act of her walking down the aisle. If Mimi weren't a typical woman obsessed with the white dress, we'd already be Mr. And Mrs. Mosala Tau. That Cinderella story her mother told her before bedtime as a child really messed her up.

Maki would not have the guts to chase after me in Mimi's house; she would not dare try and stand on her way. Mimi would devour her alive. At least we have one hunter out the way. Just this bitch with a sniper rifle to worry about. Well, not quite immediately; there's supper for four to prepare before Mimi and Mary arrive back from work and day-care respectively. After meals, Mimi would have to tell me who she's been sleeping with since I've been gone.

Is there a specific term for that tick tick clack clack sound made by red sole heels? For me, it has always signaled Mimi's entrance; the iron lady in my life. But today is the day she got humbled. She's about to find out who wears the pants in this relationship.
"Mo; I didn’t expect to find you here" "What did you expect, Mimi?"
"Thought you’d have begun by at least
Fugitive by Nyakallo Lephotso

taking a bath, bathed Thabo as well, and both of you found your way out of my house."
"This is my house too"
"No, Mo! This could have been your home, had your culture not prevented you from co-habiting with a woman you've already paid lobola for."
"Mimi, don't be ridiculous"
"You made your bed, Mo; now lie in it."
"Well, I have nowhere to go. I got locked out of my flat for non-payment."
"I know that, I wasn't suggesting you go to the place you and your boys had reserved for Rugby matches. Return to the nest; you never got your umbilical cord cut anyway."
"Forget it, Mimi! I am not going back to the township. What will people say?"
"You think I care?"
"You should care, you're technically my wife."
"Not anymore, Mo!* taking off the ring and throwing it onto Mo's lap*
"Mimi, you can't do this..."
"I just did, the engagement is off, Mo! Now, you have no reason being in this house anymore. The little thread of platinum capped by a diamond rock that delivered you the right to abuse me no longer binds me to you. Try and do the honourable thing; keep whatever little self-respect you still have and get out of my house!"

Why would I want to hang around where I am clearly not welcome? I got the message loud and clear, "Mo, I have a new man. Get out of my life!!!" So fickle are women these days; financial independence has gone to their head. They've forgotten who the real head of the family is. No wonder they remain single, lonely and miserable for the rest of their lives. Quite frankly, no man will stand for Mimi's nonsense. Even this guy will leave her, and she'll come running back to me. And I won't have time for her. Life goes on, time waits for no man; certainly not for a woman.

That melancholic taxi ride to the South West; leaving behind the sights, sounds and smells of the city that never sleeps. Returning to the dusty streets I vowed never to set foot on again. It's like being spotted driving out of that infamous hotel that shares a name with a popular motorsporting code, a very embarrassing place to be seen at. Kids kicking any round object they can find in the streets; effects of how a barbaric sport has mentally enslaved these people. With rugby comes a certain level of sophistication. Wish I could say the same about soccer. To each their own; I am among them, but not of them. We are not one, our worlds just merely collided. I don't belong here, but this old woman will try and tell you otherwise if you let her. If it were according to her, I would have never left the town-

rest of the space of the yard. She may as well have never left the village she lived in. She's not backward, she's my mother. Dressed in her traditional Three Cats Basotho regalia, Seshoeshoe, this woman cannot just sit down and rest. If she's not busy doing house chores, she's in her garden turning the soil or tending live chickens in the backyard. Fowl smell; overpowering foul smell fill this matchbox-sized yard overloaded with creatures belonging in the zoo.

Humans in this place don't smell any better; strong body odour, if it's not coal smoke or paraffin. I am suspending giving hugs until further notice. I think I need a noseplug as well, not just for the chicken smell, but also for the effects of loud-mouthed people with very poor dental hygiene. Sometimes, we give poverty too much credit; surely, if you can afford a gold tooth you can afford toothpaste.

You don't want to get me started on the hairstyles. I wonder who sleeps with these men in their late twenties and early thirties spotting a B.A. Baracus mohawk? I am convinced women are charitable beyond measure. Which self-respecting human being would share the same bed as, let alone open her legs wide for, a man that has the same hairstyle as his 3 year old son? I came across a couple just after getting of the taxi on our way here; they both had cornrows. I bet they also jostle each other for the mirror. Can you imagine the type of conversations they have, "honey, how many times must I tell you not to wear my earrings without asking?"

I have only been in this place for an hour and already I cannot wait to leave. We are having pap and tripe for supper. Why is this woman reminding me I have fallen into poverty? Granted, she had already prepared food when Thabo and I arrived, but she went and gotten us something more civilised; I'd appreciate the same braai pack she always serves when the reverend comes to visit. I, her only son, have to settle the insides of some animal I don't even know under which circumstances it died. Worse, I am here with her grandson. She doesn't even get some candy for him, just to acknowledge his presence. Serving this child poverty food will only heighten his already sad upbringing. Tripe, samp, chicken intestines and feet, pap and milk are foods that remind me of the bad days I had growing up. I worked hard so my kids will experience a better life; have better education, eat better food, wear better clothes and eventually be better people than me. My heart bleeds for this young man eating tripe just to silence the growling in his tiny stomach. He may be rural, and maybe he eats it a lot of at his maternal grandparents' house without really thinking much of what it signifies, still it doesn't make it right. He doesn't seem to mind it at all, judging by how effortlessly he is swallowing in without signs of strain in his face, but it eats me inside that he is not having the same kinds of food children of other people of my status are enjoying right now. Those are having pizza, Happy Meals that come free toys while my child is subjected to tripe with pap. PAP!!! Even horses refuse to eat that revolti

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Her house looking as ancient as ever; the asbestos-roof apart-

Heid era four-roomed house with outside toilets and a tiny yard, she still uses the Welcome Dover coal stove. Chickens running around the backyard; spinach and carrot garden filling up the
rubbish, but my son has to stomach this peasant food like his father is not a respectable member of society. This will change, and it will change soon. I shall rise again.

Looking at how much Thabo has grown and developed into his own person scares me sometimes, even has me regretting not being there during the formative years of his life. That would have given me the opportunity to better influence his life. Much of what he has become surprises me. I find myself zooming out of him and observing this fully developed being and trying to assess him from an objective point of view; feels like and outer-body experience. And then I ask myself which traits he inherited from me and which from his mother, Dimakatso (Maki); my childhood sweetheart, my first love. I've known good, selfless people in my life, but none as good as Maki. Her display of undying loyalty makes it hard to believe the rumours that she fell pregnant of some guy but claimed this child is mine. Even my mom is convinced I am being made to raise a child that's not mine. She has never liked Maki, despises her family. Her improvement; according to uncle Piet, it was all free fall from that point on; we were met with hostilities ever since. And when I kindly asked that we be served better food, I was told if I wanted fancy food I would have to buy it myself.

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Wrong Number by Felicia Mkhize

"How can a woman resist all that? How do I know you are genuine this time? How do I know you are not saying these words to her as well?"

"Because my duty is to multiply smiles on your face. I have this ring for you. Round. Without beginning, without end. It's a sign of my love for you, eternal love with no beginning or end. I know you have already agreed to marry me but I never put a ring on your finger. If you agree to marry me, I will tattoo your name on my chest and you will have a permanent place in my heart. If you marry me, I will sail to the sunset with you and make sure the sunshine in your soul never sets. If you agree to marry me I will hold you in my arms, close to my chest and tell you I am not going anywhere! Sibongile Madondo, I love you. Will you agree to marry me?"

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"Ma'am, you are under arrest for the abduction of this disabled gentleman. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law."

"Now please put the weapon down, and have your hands where I can see them" Teboho: "It's not a weapon it's my ...

Mmateboho: "you see, she even took his cellphone away so he can't call for help. You must put another charge on her. Obstructing the victim from requesting help. Help Obstruction, constable, Help Obstruction. This woman must rot in jail."

"Thank you so much for pointing that one out. That sure is a unique charge but we will look into it" Mmateboho: "Bongi, ngwanaka, all this might not make sense to you, now, but it will in good time. What you are going through is a necessary evil. Self-preservation takes precedence when the chips are down. Predators hunt with one eye on the prey and another guarding their habitat. Survival depends on striking a balance between being as wise as serpents and as innocent as doves. Just hang in there my child."

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Bongi

The feeling of disgust wouldn't let me legitimise her gibberish with a response. The hypocrisy of this woman is beyond sickening. One minute she is warm, the next she is cold, now she has turned into a philosopher. She strikes me as a psychopath.

How I wish Thembi would show up here and at least keep me company until the morning. All these strangers make me uneasy. Even with all the policemen around, I still don't feel safe.

"Bongi baby, my love. I missed you. Why is the love of your life the last to hear of your misfortune?"

Guess who is back? Like Felicia Mkhize's page I Love Felicia Mkhize for more details on the publishing of her book.

WRONG NUMBER

By Felicia Mkhize

With Thembi's phone on voicemail, the only other person I can call is my mom. It would be rather awkward for her to receive a call from a daughter that hasn't communicated in a year. For All Moments I Love You, mom. Whatever the acronym is.

All along I thought this woman liked me and that she wanted me to be happy but she has landed me in police cells, accusing me of abducting her son. Her son, whom I gave all my heart to.

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Healing Sex by Mphuti

We’ve all had to swim upstream at some other time in our lives; battered emotionally and had our spirits tormented. Some scars we carry are not just emotional and spiritual, we bear physical wounds too. Human interactions tend to take a toll on all spheres of our being. A battered body usually bears witness to broken pieces of our inner being, which therefore transcend or arm us for new encounters.

It’s almost natural in a new relationship that we bring baggage from our past relationships; heartache, mistrust, kids or upgraded preference when it comes to intimacy and, consequently, quality of sex. A period of mourning broken promises, unfulfilled dreams and turmoil brought upon by being taken for granted may be necessary in order to make a transition from old to new.

There are instances where it’s absolutely necessary to delay sex so as to accustom new souls, minds and bodies to each other. This is not the same as the ninety-day rule you may have read about somewhere; it’s not a period of time that’s primary here, but the state of readiness to engage in sexual activity after a break-up of souls. Disastrous is a relationship beginning as a result of a hangover from another; the importance of a solid foundation cannot be over-emphasised. Abstinence is not to be perceived as a form of punishment or self-deprivation, but as a healing mechanism to help one entering into a relationship to deal with other fundamental matters of a union of two souls instead of an obsession with sex.

A lady may get into a new relationship with not only a broken heart from a previous failed relationship, but a battered vagina with an over-stimulated clitoris that has since become too sensitive while all other senses and body parts were neglected. Would it be too unreasonable to assume we have all been traumatised with bad sex before? God bless you if you’re an exception, but the rest of us have been exposed to that neo-metrosexual male that just discovered a woman has a clitoris and has been told it apparently responds well to stimulation; the kind that takes the concept of “fingering” way too literal. We need to heal from both emotional torments of his clueless sexual mind and ignorant throbbing of his thick finger. We need to heal from men that have no clue there exists a difference between an orgasm and ejaculation.

It is in times like these that sex will be used to heal. He, presuming that this is a heterosexual couple, will have to be well orientated on a lady and her anatomy as opposed to practising skills he picked up from a pornographic movie or heard from his peers that claim to be experts in pleasing a woman. Men’s obsession with “performance” will be the death of us all. Instead of forging channels of communication between himself and her skin so it responds to his command from hearing the vibrations of his voice, he goes in fast and rough and deep too quickly.

Our bodies, most particularly our vaginas, need healing from this mind set. Let’s heal by teaching him to command the vagina in preparation for his entrance by just looking in our eyes; make it anticipate his arrival by his smell, the sound of his voice, the words it utters and the sparkle in his eyes. Have nipples stand up by connection so intense it gives you an orgasm in your office by just spelling his name. Let’s heal from that man that too quick to refer to female genitalia in derogatory terms but would be clueless if asked to draw a vagina.

The confluence of feelings, erotica, companionship and trust has to been established to make the pain and the burden of a broken past lighter; with each word that inspires confidence he utters, your body opens up. By the time he enters you, it would be a mere formality; you would have already experienced heaven. We need healing from meaningless sex we actively sought when we thought there was nothing better out there for us. We need healing from allowing ourselves to feel unworthy and subjecting ourselves to perceptions that relegate the essence of our being to that of a mere sex object.

Sharing of each other as a couple then becomes a complete experience that engages one from toe to hair tip. At that point, we do not explode into each other’s arms, instead we gel and condense; our energies become one. Vaginas are attached to human beings with feelings, make love to my heart. Heal me from sacrificing my honey pot in exchange for temporary affirmation, and sex me properly; heal me with that kind of love-making that breaks and defies all inhibitions. Leave me wide open and loving it. Multiply smiles on my face and leave me looking silly. Make my vulnerability feel like freedom. Synchronise your heartbeat with vibrations of my clitoris and leave my knees shaking and toes curling; let tears of appreciation fall from my eyes because I am feeling so damn good! May an orgasm not be the objective but a mere result we aim not at, but work towards?

A meeting of two like minds is like a congregation of free souls; one body on another that heals and transfers therapy. Give me that sapio sex that involves body, mind and soul; healing sex that is liquid, flowing and is neither forced nor targeted with a preferred secular outcome. Heal me with tantric sex that’s mutually beneficial and trust-filled. Let’s use our bodies to heal each other.
The much awaited SMS hit my handheld and got me looking forward to 16:30. I’m always clock-watching but today has motivation to it, it’s the last Friday of the month and that signals debauchery.

My Girls by my side, cash in my purse, we paint the town red. Modern day woman, I’m firmly in control of my destiny. Choice has liberated me. I do, if I want to, what I want to, when I want. Single and willing to mingle, I got that latex just in case. Let’s!

We hit the spot; liquor flows, eye candy galore. Eyes lock. I want, it wants; I will, it will; we do. We cut through traffic, motorised gates and finally door locks; fabric trail through corridor en-route the bedroom. It was magic!

As sun-rays climb over concrete jungle, peeking through my window, it cues his exit. "I'll call you," he says. I know he won’t. I really don’t care, until I open my purse looking for a cigarette to find my supply of latex still intact. All 3-pack of it. We must have used his supply, right?!

Sometimes, or more often depending on how rich the language being used is, we lack proper words to express how we feel. This due to the fact that feelings are stronger than sounds therefore words lack. Those who came before us correctly stated that "actions speak louder than words". There are times in a relationship when all creative manner of communicating has been exhausted and you think to yourself, “what can I do to let him/her know how I feel?” Then you realise that the only language available and exclusive to lovers is sex. Some men wake up in the middle of the night and plant their knee in between your thighs and somehow expect you to know that its time. So as to make it clear, we (women) are not battery operated therefore we need some engagement both mentally and physically. See in a state of sleep I cannot be anticipating sex I am sleeping! Unless somehow men are of the believe that somehow our response to their knees is automated, like we are ever readies of sorts.

As much as sleeping on the same bed with a man doesn’t mean sex so should be the knee techniques. People are meant to understand languages beyond the spoken; hence we taste, smell and touch. And from where I stand sex is one of those extra languages and the message I get when a dude uses his knees to part mine is that " sesi I am as arrogant , lazy and selfish as the come". A language can have codes, punctuation, and idioms n all. We touch first with our eyes and our vaginas are not holes but portals with a life of their own.

A man should be able to caress and plant kisses all over your body in a way that will make the hair on your skin stand up in appreciation. That will make your live smile in celebration of what your body is being told to feel and respond. As your nipples become harder from the conversation going on, you should be able to smell his/her skin, trace palpitations on the body.
Hope is Victory by Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl

Q: Doc, my period for this month should have started yesterday but didn’t. Today I notice very light brownish blood, usually I have a pretty heavy flow. I wanna know could it be implantation bleeding. I did take a preg test this morning but it was -ve.

Thanks.
A: Give it a week and if you are still not bleeding as you normally do repeat the pregnancy test

Q: Hi Doc, I would like to know everything about MDR TB, ie treatment, infecting other ppl, how safe is close people still when is the person infectious? (must wear a mask). I need every info available. Please Doctor.
A: Please send me an email so that I can send you material that you can read through
My email address is sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: Hello Doc. Just needed to ask, what are the chances of developing cancer (any form) when pos for hiv. I often hear of cancer being detected "too late", how late is too late, after 5 years, 10, 15? I’m 24 by the way.
A: Difficult question...
Send me an email sindivanzyl@gmail.com

Q: I’ve found out when I was pregnant that am hiv+. Then I was given AZT. Then after birth the baby was given nevirapine syrup. How many chances that my baby can be hiv+?
A: The risk of HIV transmission will depend on the feeding method chosen.
All babies that are breastfed and whose mothers are HIV positive are at risk of HIV infection. The risk is never zero.
All the efforts that we make with the PMTCT Prevention-of-Mother-to-Child Transmission programme are geared at ensuring that HIV-positive mothers can breast feed with minimal risk of infecting their babies. This is why we give babies Nevirapine syrup and why we give mothers AZT or lifelong ART antiretroviral treatment.

A baby that tests negative at 6 weeks, and is breastfeeding could get infected with HIV at a later stage. This is why all breastfeeding babies are tested again 6 weeks after breastfeeding is stopped.
Babies that are formula feeding are at a very reduced risk of HIV infection because they are not exposed to the virus after birth. (They could however get infected if maybe they are breastfed without the caregiver’s knowledge or if they are sexually assaulted by an HIV-positive person)

Q: Hi Doc I was just diagnosed as hiv positive but I keep hearing from others that I was not tested correctly my cd4 count on diagnosis was 533 the clinic doctor gave me a vitamin syrup and 500 mg of ascorbic acid
A: What exactly have you heard from others?
Q: hi doc! What r da dangers if 1 ceases 2 take ins arv’s 4 a while n restarts on treatment again! Lost much weight n skin darkened..will he/she b fine? worried
A: When someone gets infected with HIV, the virus targets only one specific group of cells in the body - the CD4 cells. These cells are the most important members of the defence force - "the body’s army against disease". The virus takes over the normal functioning of the CD4 cells and uses them to make thousands upon thousands of copies of itself. Once it is done, the CD4 cell bursts open to release these HIV copies and dies thereafter.
The HIV copies are what we call the viral load. So it follows that the sicker you get, the lower your CD4 count drops and the higher your viral load goes. The healthier you are, the higher your CD4 count and the lower your viral load is.

Once you start taking antiretrovirals - whether short-term (if you’re pregnant and your CD4 count is above 350) or long-term (all adults with CD4 less than 350 or with TB), we expect your CD4 count to rise and your viral load to decrease to lower than detectable levels.
If you stop taking treatment, your viral load goes up and your CD4 count drops...compromising the immune system and exposing you to opportunistic infections. Please encourage the person to make the decision not to ever stop taking treatment again. All the best!
Q: Hey Doc tanks for all the advice it really helps alot.my cd4 count is 543 is it good?and what can i use or do to keep my cd4 count like this or higher im also using centrum
A: Centrum is a multivitamin taken for general health purposes and not specifically to increase or maintain one's CD4 count.

I cannot comment on your CD4 count without taking your physical condition into consideration.

The natural progression of HIV infection in the absence of ART antiretroviral treatment is that your CD4 count goes down and the viral load - HIV copies in your blood - goes up.

Read through this link from one of my favourite HIV/AIDS websites to gain more understanding of the relationship between CD4 cells and HIV
http://www.aidsmap.com/CD4-cell-counts/page/1044596/

Q: Hey dr I'm hiv pos not taking any arv's, as my cd4 count is very high. Can I still have a baby
A: Yes you can still have a baby.
The best time to fall pregnant is when your CD4 count is high and your viral load is low. The other important thing is your partner. Has he tested? Is he on treatment?
The cheapest and easiest way to fall pregnant is by using the rhythm method. You will have protected se*ual intercourse every day of the month except on the days when you are ovulating. On these days you would have unprotected se*. Once you have conceived it will be important for you to book early and make sure that you start taking prophylaxis to decrease the chances of HIV transmission to baby during pregnancy.
I suggest that you visit your doctor with your partner and ask about the rhythm method. If you want to see a fertility specialist (and you live in Gauteng) then I recommend Dr Jack Biko.
www.drjhbiko.co.za .

Q: Hi Doc. I'm male and started hiv meds last September and I realise now my boobs(if I can call it that) are changing shape and are enlarging. Thought it was d4T that causes abnormality in shape and size. I'm on EFV, TDF & 3TC. Why is this happening?

Gynaecomastia - the enlargement of male breast tissue - is a rare side-effect of d4T and also of efavirenz. I say rare because it is a side-effect that we do not see very often. The condition usually resolves once the drug is switched.
My advice - go back to your clinic and tell your doctor/nurse clinician about the change in your breasts.

Q: Do u think it was correct for Lesego Motsepe to tell everyone she decided to stop arvs to approach things holistically? Don't u think it was misleading and that other patients could think its ok to stop meds considering she's a public figure?
A: I think that a disclaimer should have accompanied the announcement of her decision. Something along the lines of "this is the choice that I have made for my OWN life and I am not prescribing this for anyone else. Please contact your medical doctor or nurse clinician before taking such a decision."

Anyway what's done is done. I believe that all patients on treatment that have accepted their HIV status will understand the importance of taking their treatment for life - or until a cure is found...whichever comes first
My definition of HIV is Hope is Victory and you can ask me anything HIV related anonymously on this link: www.Qooh.me/DoctorSindi
To read more of my articles visit my page www.ilwiw.com/hope-is-victory
Regards,
Dr. Sindisiwe van Zyl

@sindiVanZyl on twitter
Doctor Sindi on facebook
With it being winter in South Africa at the moment, one pot cooking is suddenly sexy again. Gone are the fancy prawns and Salmon dishes, in come the oxtails and potjies and hearty soups. There are few recipes to keep you warm through the chilly nights.

The first recipe is my beef tagine. A Tagine, technically speaking, is actually the name of the dish used to make this stew; it's a two-piece dish with a flat bowl and then a cone shaped lid with an air vent in it and made out of ceramic. For some reason the shape of the dish and the materials it's made from help make the meat super tender. We don't have the space in our ovens nor the budget to keep replacing expensive ceramic pots therefore we make use of metal trays and foil but at home a normal casserole dish will do. The recipe could also work in a pressure cooker but the various flavours won't get as much time as they would in an oven to infuse the meat.

Tagines are the national dish of Morocco and the staple starch of that country and its North African neighbours is Cous-cous. I suggest you serve this tagine with it. Traditionally it would be made with lamb but last night I tried it with lean beef stew and it turned out just as good. Be aware though, that with beef you need a longer cooking time in order for it to become softer.

**Beef tagine recipe**

2 tbsp oil  
1 large onion, finely chopped  
2 garlic cloves, finely chopped  
1 tbsp paprika  
3 cloves  
1 tsp ground all-spice  
2 tsp chopped chili  
3 star anise pods  
1 tsp ground coriander  
600g beef cut into cubes  
200g butternut, diced  
200g dried apricots and apples  
400g can chopped tomatoes  
400g can chickpeas  
500ml lamb or beef stock (liquid stock NOT stock cubes)  
Salt and pepper

**Directions:**

Soften the onions in the oil on a hot stove then stir in all the spices. Add the tomatoes and allow to simmer  
Heat a separate pan with a little oil and only place the meat in it once it's piping hot. Once brown pour the tomato and spice sauce over the meat and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Pour your stock over the meat and stir.  
Heat oven to 180 degrees Celsius. Place the mixed meat and sauce into your casserole dish or metal pot and cover with foil or a lid. Cook for an hour and a half  
After an hour and a half stir in the dried fruit and chickpeas and season with salt and pepper (and additional spices if you're not happy with the balance of the flavours) and return to the oven for another hour. Before serving stir in some chopped fresh coriander.
Salmon Pasta by Les Da Chef

Still continuing on the easy one pot wonders for winter. This one takes less than 30 minutes to get done. At the moment I'm on a healthy eating and gym plan and my new obsession is eating healthy food...but without doing all the prep work. I'm a professional chef, I spend nearly 11 hours on my feet in the kitchen, the last thing I want to do after all that is spend a few more hours at the stove when I get home.

This recipe normally uses cream and if you're not looking for the healthiness but rather for more flavour than go ahead and use cream and parmesan instead of milk and cottage cheese. When I make this for customers and guests I use creme fraiche and parmesan.

You may use any pasta you like. My favourite pasta is Tagliatelle. I just find it looks classy on a plate and it doesn't have that "oh no, my mom cooked this!" feeling that one gets when seeing a bowl of spaghetti. Yes, I'm weird like that. To add that truly health-freak twist to it, go for wholewheat pasta.

Ingredients:
- 100g Tagliatelle pasta
- 1 tbsp olive
- 1 cup low-fat milk
- 1 tsp flour
- 2 stems spring onion sliced into rings
- 2 large finely chopped garlic cloves
- Big handful of cherry tomatoes, halved
- 100g smoked salmon, cut into thin strips
- Chopped peppadews
- Handful chopped parsley leaves
- 1 spoon crumbled cottage cheese
- Handful of steamed broccoli, broken into small pieces

Method:
- Cook the pasta as per instructions on the packet (or make it fresh yourself)
- In a separate pan place the COLD milk, garlic and flour and stir until thick (if using cream, simply stir in the grated parmesan until thick)

Once the pasta is done, drain and stir the sauce into it and the rest of the ingredients whilst its still hot. That's it! Seriously. Nothing more to it...and no guilt-trip afterwards either.
Paints a picture with his tongue
My body his canvas
My moans his paint, his pastels, his ink, his chalk his charcoal
Moving meticulously with the pitch of my voice, the depths of my groans- from one colour to another, from one texture to the next.
Oh how perfectly perfect is his timing, knowing when to finish
off with the Hardness, darkness, commanding hue of His charcoal as he moves slowly, deeply inside of me
Slow, deep are his strokes driving me into a pool of colours more diverse than those of the rainbow
Deeper, swiftly he continues in motions to paint something über the understanding of any human mind
Building pace these colours come together into a beauty beyond those of an African sunset
Harder, harder even more demanding than the colours of a storm- oh but a storm it is
Yes!!! yes!!! yes!!! oh, yes!!! Complete-ed
S-o-h perfect is this picture
ME his canvas, his colour
HE, his brushes, his strokes
WE, our portrait

If it happens, when it happens, it should only last for a few minutes
If it goes haywire, it should only last for seconds
If I feel like a bitch, when I feel like a bitch, it should not affect you
If you are a bastard when you want vengeance, you should think of the consequences
If it happens when anger overtakes, I should pause and remember
I'm bigger than this
If you are apathetic, when you are being selfish, remember it can be contagious
If I feel belligerent when you don't give a fuck, we should hold onto the good times
We both know we rock
I know you better
You know me best
I'm going forth
You being the driver

Myself on the passenger seat
Are the keys in your ignition?
Rain drops against a cloak of darkness
cappuccino and ice cream
a man and a woman
the confident and the nervous
the learned and the illiterate
the charming and the shy
opposites in their own right
Now with the meeting of our lips
World's merge into one
our tongues twisting to a rhyming tune teasing, delicious nibbles
leaning once more into your embrace
Thankful to receive such pleasure
hoping when night fades
morning will not bring back our differences
for now I let go, as you tell me I'm beautiful
Him
Rain drops of hope in the midst of my heart
cappuccino and ice cream
Silent it is in the midst of the night
a whizzing sound of breath is all I can hear
sitting beside me is a beautiful woman whispering to my ears music to my heart
I love, I love, she cannot finish the words
Closer and closer she came
Closer and closer a went
For a moment I forgot myself
All I knew was here and her alone
My heart cried out
She was there to wipe the tears with her lips
Here thick lips indeed told a story
How she became aggressive and soft
Her finger on my lips made me want her more
My hand went down, down her body closer to gold
Stop, stooooop was a sound of her voice
We cannot expose gold to the stars
In my heart I was cheering
For indeed that is the woman to cherish
On my way home, forever was a smile
My heart full of gratitude for I have received a gift of joy
To myself I asked
Is she worth to keep or to let go
Unforgettable was the joy I experienced with her
She is indeed worth to keep
Only you and I knows
Let it not be known by the world
I love you and I feel it deep down my heart

Toe-Curling.
Clit-bursting.
Back-scratching.
Leg-hugging.
Pelvis-thrusting.
Name-calling.
Face-making.
Dirty-talking.
Spine-shivering.
G-Spot-tickling.
Sheet-wrinkling.
Headboard-thumping.
Bum-pinching.
Ass-spanking.
Breast-squeezing. Heavy-breathing.
Oooh. Aaah.
Juice-squirting.
I Can’t Stand Sex by Confy

I can’t stand sex...
...hard and wet as it may be, the desire has left me...
...movies, fantasies, toys, lubes and fingers just nauseate me...
...what once took me to heaven and back is now like an old, rugged toy I just not to play with anymore.

The monotonous rain drops on my metal sheet roof that left us undercover, lost deep in each other’s rhythmic breathings like we were scuba divers only coming up once for a deep breath, the sunny 35 degrees weather that would make me jump on you, hump you dry as I suck on your juices, salty sweats and sticky armpits and “cockpits”...

...cock in the juice-filled, friction-resistant pit is definition of hard work. It gets me coming over and over and over again - back and forth - without quenching my need for importance. The more I got the more I wanted, but now...

..but now, that woman, she spoils the fun... i have to teach her the pleasure of fellatio, the secrets of cunnilingus that gets women crazy on their knees...

i resort to "old" men, the "12 months pregnant" looking men, all it takes is for me to call him "daddy", although I’m older than him, worse than the youngsters i have met in my prime...

...nothing grows under the shade, their beer bellies have starved me of body prayer. Yes, sex is worship!

if sex is worship then i am a sinner, I cannot remember calling out Jesus name or proclaiming to God that I am coming...

...maybe I never really came. I been a cougar and nurturing cubs, getting them going but they never got me to come with them. I guess I am experience, the best teacher. It's all vanity; I cunt stand it anymore...

but what would life be without them, what would cause clt to throb, cause a furnace in my blood, what would leave me grasping, panting, scratching...

What could be better than bedroom tennis? I bet my neighbours think I destroyed the tennis court in my bedroom, as I no longer put Maria Sharapova to shame with my screams while the racquet is working me!

I don't disguise my screams behind Mariah Carey's music anymore, I need to get out of this, I need to escape, I need...

...something more profound. Something words can't describe, until I find it I will stick to shagging!

| Doing You by Eros |

My middle finger in between your thighs, gently caressing your clit, having you raining natural juices.
That aroma escapes and gets my hormones racing, giving me a rock-hard boner.
My middle and index fingers running on your clit as though it were a treadmill got you closing your eyes and biting your lower lip with silent moans.

My mouth on your bosom, sucking and nibbling at your nipples.
I got you breathing heavy and brushing my bald head gently with your delicate left hand while your right is pulling my body closer to yours.
Your legs wide apart, begging me to use my head. Not so soon.
I gotta use my lips on you lips, the ones between your hips.
Blow you hot and cold like an ice mint.
Suck, nibble, lick your tasty cookie more delicious than a blackforest cake.

Oral and manual satisfaction, I got you reaching orgasm even before I penetrate. I got your toes sticking out erect, your hands firmly gripping whatever piece of cloth you can lay them on.

I ain't done yet.
Entering you, deep slow thrusts signalling my arrival.
"Faster Babe," you beg me.
I got you screaming my name so loud the neighbours called the police on me thinking I am killing you.
# He by Felicia Mkhize

A fabric trail in the corridor

Followed by his tongue

Severely rough, he thrusts

en route to the bedroom

He sucks, he licks

Soaking wet, I get

Supper left unfinished

He blows, hot and cold

Extremely tight, I grip him

He:

He pauses

Room dimly lit by the window side

Nibbles my earlobes

Calm before the storm

Our silhouettes reflected on the wall

Kisses my lips

Latex

I hear:

Bites my neck

Ribbed and studded

Roaring thunder

Sucks my nipples

Strawberry flavour

Flushing meadows

Caresses my navel

Built to endure extreme temperature

Rolling stones,

Gropes the inside of my thighs

Made to survive harsh friction

Rocking

Licks the back of my knees

Slightly lubricated for comfort

Wet?

Sucks my toes

Perfect fit for heads of most sizes

Your nipples hard?

Goes up

My baby’s included

Now, will all the guys please stand up?

With his finger,

Wide open, I am

He:

Very deep, he enters

Rubs my clit
Net Worth is calculated by subtracting what one owes from what one owns. Owning and keeping assets that appreciate in value can increase Net Worth as much as reducing debt does.

Since we all take nothing out of this world, experiences usually prove more valuable than tangible possessions. Bucket lists are popular for this reason; where you have been and what you have done forever remains with you.

Goodbyes are one of life’s hardest experiences. There’s more sorrow in parting than there is sweetness. For some weird reason, the last bite seems to be the most gratifying. The selfless may willingly share their food, for as long as they still have a bit of it, but having to part with one’s last piece is an act that makes even the most giving of souls to cringe.

A smoker taking their last smoke, in preparation to quit thereafter, is most likely to cherish that moment. The drags are concentrated and all energies channeled towards the pleasure nicotine provides. A quitter’s mentality is that the last one has to be the most enjoyable.

As much as we are indebted to some or other past, we equally own a part of it. Regardless of where we find ourselves in life, there’s a blast from the past we can lay claim to. Whether or not it has been marked is irrelevant; when you own something it’s yours. Equally, that applies to our debts. Whether it is better to owe a stranger or a friend depends on what’s the worst a stranger can do to you.

Friends make the best enemies; there’s just some borders you do not want to step over.

There’s always a sense of entitlement with regard to the one that got away; a cat and mouse relationship, similar to that of debtor and creditor.

The last thing one would give a partner about to be incarcerated is a good shag. Like a smoker about to quit, a great deal of emphasis would be placed on deriving pleasure. Equally, those about to get hitched are likely to look back with sweet sorrow in their goodbye efforts. As though one would be forbidden from having any other kind of meat, for they have selected a specific one as their favourite, just before the cut-off time they might just indulge in all kinds of meat they will miss.

We all have that someone that we know we can jump into the sack with, regardless of who they or we are with. We just own them; often because of the strong sexual connection we have. Then there are those that owe us; those that got away. Those we should have had, but didn’t. Those we ever wonder “What could have been?” Equally, that’s the case with our partners. It’s highly likely that there’s someone out there that owns your partner; someone that can just walk in, in the midst of your joy, and have things their way. Then there’s probably that someone whom your partner owes, or is owed by; the one that has their way paved already.

Approaching a point of no return comes with temptations Lot’s wife couldn’t resist. The urge to look back and indulge one last time, before crossing over, is overwhelming.

A trip from Singleville to the Holy City of Matrimony is a raging inferno of burning bridges; one to be traveled without looking back, lest one is led into temptation. The Last Shag with the one that got away often seems like the perfect send-off, and may very well be, but do smokers automatically quit after that gratifying smoke they vowed would be their last?

Humans are slave to habit; what we begin in dribs and drabs eventually becomes a vast ocean we can’t tell where it begins or ends. I never seek to enforce morality, I do know marriage begins way before the wedding day. My Write Track is to establish what significance the Goodbye Shag has and whether we should make peace with it.

A blast from the past may fail to forever hold their silence, perhaps a total stranger is then a perfect candidate. No emotional connection, no history, no broken promise of a future together.

As both genders march towards equality, more liberal sexual tendencies emerge. Marriage, though many debate its relevance, is still a desirable institution, but once one knows what lies ahead isn’t particularly as great as what remains behind, last goodbyes are likely to be filled with pleasure.
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